

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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FATALITY OF A NAME.

A Strange Incident Which Suggests Mental Telepathy.

One cold night last winter Dr. Potter, now connected with the Chicago health department, and a number of his companions were sitting in the office of the Oakland hotel, when a stranger of diffident manner entered. His clothes and jewelry marked him a person of means, but he seemed downhearted and worried, and when he asked permission of the clerk to sit in the office a while, Dr. Potter and his companions at once sized him up as a man who had been out on a spree, was without ready cash to pay for a bed, and took this means of getting refuge from the winter's blasts. The stranger, who was young and intelligent, grew uncomfortable under the ill disguised scrutiny of the crowd and finally said:

"Gentlemen, I would like to explain my presence here and why I sit in the office in preference to taking a bed. In the first place let me assure you it is not a matter of money," drawing out a good sized roll of bills. "For some years my father, who is a resident of New York, has had trouble with his family and has been a wanderer. He was at one time worth considerable money, but this has been lost and a number of letters which I have of late received from him show me he is despondent. This afternoon I got a letter from him dated in Detroit, saying he would arrive in Chicago to-night, take a room in this hotel and end his life by turning on the gas. He added that in the event of the gas failing he had a pistol with him, with which he would send a bullet through his brain. Father had no idea I would get this letter to-day, as I have been out of town, and it was only an unexpected case of sickness in my family which brought me back. I am sitting up here to intercept him when he comes in and prevent the suicide which he contemplates. Fortunately I have means enough for both and can relieve his anxiety in this respect."

Dr. Potter and his friends were at once interested. They congratulated the stranger on his good luck on having received his father's letter in time and tendered their services in any way in which they might be desired. Two or three times an effort was made to find out the man's name, but he parried the questions on the ground that, as his father's plans would be frustrated, he did not care to have his identity disclosed.

"You may, however, call me Melchoir, as it is awkward to address a man without a name, and Melchoir is as good as anything barring the right one."

The evening sped along, and about midnight the stranger, being assured that no more trains would arrive before morning, took his departure, saying his father must have been detained or perhaps have happily changed his mind. The occurrence was so much out of the ordinary that Dr. Potter and his friends spent an hour or more talking it over. At 1 o'clock they went to bed, and a few minutes later the night clerk retired leaving an assistant who had not heard the story in charge of the office. About 1.30 in came an old gentleman with travelling bag in hand, who registered as George C. Melchoir, and was assigned to a room. In the morning the chambermaid reported a strong smell of gas on that floor. The door of the newcomer's room was broken in and he was found dead, with a pistol in his right hand and a bullet wound in the head. He had turned on the gas and then shot himself. By this time everybody in the house had heard the story and of the young man's visit the night before, and all were positive that the old gentleman who had killed himself was his

father. The afternoon papers had a report of the suicide and before night the young man was back at the house asking to see the body.

"I don't understand how father could have registered as Melchoir, for it is not his name, and I only used it last night to conceal our own," said the stranger. "It must have been a case of mental telepathy."

On reaching the room where the body lay a much more peculiar episode occurred. The moment the young man saw the face of the corpse he said:

"That's not father. I never saw this man before. He is not known to me."

Nor was he. A search of the dead man's effects brought out papers proving his identity as George C. Melchoir and giving reasons for suicide somewhat similar to those advanced by the young stranger when he was telling his story the night before. Within a week Dr. Potter heard from the young man, who said his father was alive and well, having recovered from his despondency and abandoned his intention of taking his life, but the mystery of how a man giving the same name should appear at the hotel selected by the stranger's father, on the same night, and commit suicide in the same manner outlined by him has never been explained.

TORONTO WATERWORKS.

An Outbreak of Disease Feared and Great Precautions Recommended.

TORONTO, (Special) Sept. 16.—The accident which recently occurred to the Toronto waterworks conduit, has created a great deal of consternation, and an outbreak of disease is possible. Doctors are prescribing the various precautions to be taken, and among them it is strongly recommended that the kidneys should be kept in a state of perfect regularity by means of Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which experience has shown to be equally efficacious in the latest as well as in the earliest stages of kidney trouble. It is also stated by the physicians that this season is one in which the kidneys are peculiarly susceptible to disorder.

Timely Hints For Brides.

Few husbands realize how mean it makes a wife feel to be obliged to ask for money, particularly when she realizes that her better half is utterly blind to the need which prompts her to become a suppliant. In the home he never notices that the plates set before him are beginning to show marks of hard usage, that the spotless linen had been darned in several places or that the children's shoes are shabby. If the ensemble is comfortable he is content, and wonders why in the world his wife wants new china, tablecloths or anything else. The very man who grumbles when he gives his wife \$5 for a new pair of shoes frequently has a half dozen pair but little worn standing on the floor of his closet. He couldn't think of wearing a shoe with a patch, but is horribly put out when his wife informs him that the single pair she had been wearing steadily for six months must be replaced. He doesn't intend to be mean. He can't help his lack of observation, and in consequence the wife feels like some guilty thing when she only asks him for money with which to buy the necessary food or clothing.

We feel inclined to shake all those women who do not at the outset of their matrimonial career insist upon an allowance for their own wardrobe. If the proposition is placed before the man in a business light he will undoubtedly see its advantages over the old way, unless he is one of those born Turks who enjoy seeing their wife in the role of slave, and then he will probably contend that such a course would make her too independent, and should therefore be tabooed. Independence is just what he himself demands, and he would feel highly indignant if places were reversed and he had to ask for his car fare or money to buy a new necktie. Moreover, he likes to have his home and his wife and children appear pleasing in the sight of the world, and if he did but know it the allowance plan would work a long way towards achieving this end. Economy would be the outgrowth of such a scheme, for, knowing that so much could be had and no more, the wife would prove her own cleverness by little saving devices that would make the money go much further than when she gets it in dribbles, for which she has to offer explanations largely out of proportion to the sum given her. Insist upon an allowance, old wives and young wives. It is a big item of matrimonial happiness which once commenced will win approbation from all whom it concerns.

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.

Boys, Don't Smoke.

How often noble, manly boys form some habit that tends to weaken or even destroy a most praiseworthy character!

If you want your body healthy and vigorous, and your soul vigorous, don't be smokers, boys! No smoker can be a well man! You never saw one.

And as for boys just entering their teens and over, scientific investigation shows that "emasculated" is often the terrible result, and there are many other ways in which the use of tobacco is shown in the systems of young persons. You say you try it just for fun; but let me tell you the cigarette habit is dwarfing the energies of thousands of young men all over the land, as well as boys. It will be no fun in the end.

You have a body and soul, and they are given to improve or ruin. You can put them under training that will make them stronger, better, happier, or you can suffer them to be made weak and miserable. Which is the best course?

You say to me: "Oh, you would cut off a fellow's fun!" Not a bit of it. I would have you able to enjoy every rational amusement in your life all the better.

One weakness of boys, strong in many other respects, is in choosing foolish companions, and then listening to their entreaties. Do you think that you can go out at night, come in when you please, have a "jolly spree," as you call it, and be none the worse for it? Never! That isn't manliness. Boys may aspire to be men without being manly, and they may be manly without being men.

I heard a boy, not long ago, say: "Father doesn't allow me to say, 'I can't,' in speaking of conquering bad habits." This is the true way men are made. Overcome temptation. Always say, "I can't" to a wrong influence. It is a glorious thing to do it boys!

Don't think, as so many boys do, because your father smokes you must; that it is an evidence of manhood!

If you had seen, as I did, in one of our hospitals some months ago, a noble lad of seventeen years, the only son of his parents, with everything to make life desirable to live, dying a wretched death from smoking cigarettes, his pale, sad face—for his blood had all turned to water—so suffering, as he said, "Oh, tell the boys, whenever you see them smoking, to let cigarettes alone. If I had done so, I should be well and happy to-day!" The doctor in attendance told me he had tried in vain to save the young life. "What a warning!" he said.

And this is not a solitary case. General Grant, whom you all know of, died of cancer, from the use of tobacco; Colfax from heart disease; while physicians say more than half the deaths by heart disease are from the same cause—tobacco smoking!

Do you know how many young men are set aside every year, by insurance companies, from tobacco heart-disease.

Did you ever see a man who wanted his boy to smoke, no matter how inveterate a smoker he was himself? On the other hand ask a boy whose father does not smoke, what he will do when he grows to be a man, he will quickly tell you, "His father didn't, and he won't!"

Why, do you know, boys, that the record of a court shows that out of 700 male convicts in a prison, 600 were there for crimes committed under the influence of liquor and 500 of that 600 testified that the use of tobacco brought them to drink.

As we have said, few fathers among those who smoke would be willing to have their boys smoke. Yet who can expect a boy not to smoke if his father sets the example? Fathers would often themselves drop it if they had the moral courage. But they get so wedded to the vile stuff, that its infatuation holds them prisoners, in spite of dyspepsia, neuralgia, and all the troubles which it always brings.

With God alone is the power to withstand the temptation, boys.—Lutheran Observer.

Orilla's Prominent Furniture Dealer Gives Facts.

Orilla, Feb. 10th, 1894. EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Gentlemen.—About three or four weeks ago I had an attack of Itching Piles. I tried two or three different remedies recommended by druggist as "the best and only cure," etc., etc., but got no relief. About the time I was beginning to despair of finding any relief, with some slight misgivings I bought a box of your pile cure, which I am pleased to say gave me almost instant relief and permanent cure. I consider your ointment a God-send. ALF. J. DEAN.

"You say it was a runaway match!" "Partly. He tried to run away but she brought him to time by threats of a breach of promise suit."

Children Cry for

Mark Twain's £1,000,000 Bank Note.

Mark Twain rises at several points in Century story, "The £1,000,000 Bank Note" to his wonted pitch of audacity and humor, and in addition has received there a situation which strikingly illustrates a curious economic truth—that man with reputation for wealth doesn't need the actual possession of it. His story might have been called "The Apotheosis of Credit." Here is the way it runs: Two wealthy old brothers in London are talking of the two £1,000,000 bank notes that lie in the vaults of the Bank of England:

"Well, the brothers, chatting along, happened to get to wondering what might be the fate of a perfectly honest and intelligent stranger who should be turned adrift in London without a friend, and with no money but that million-pound bank note, and no way to account for his being in possession of it. Brother A said he would starve to death; Brother B said he wouldn't. Brother A said he couldn't offer it at a bank or anywhere else, because he would be arrested on the spot. So they went on disputing till Brother B said he would bet twenty thousand pounds that the man would live thirty days, anyway, on that million, and keep out of jail, too. Brother A took him up. Brother B went down to the bank and bought that note. Just like an Englishman, you see; pluck to the backbone. Then he dictated a letter, which one of his clerks wrote out in a beautiful round hand, and then the two brothers sat at the window a whole day watching for the right man to give it to."

The right man turns up in our hero, a San Francisco clerk, who has been blown out to sea in a yacht, rescued by a passing London-bound brig, and deposited moneyless and friendless in the English metropolis. They give him the bank note with instructions that it was lent to him thirty days without interest. The castaway at once starts for a restaurant and supplies the deficiencies of the past two days, and when the meal is finished presents his million-pounder for change, expecting to be sent to prison for having stolen it. But his host figuratively falls down and worships him for an eccentric millionaire, will not accept cash payment on any terms, and leaves our young man to go to the tailor's and try on some misfit clothing. The story is repeated; from decided *banister* the tailor is changed, electrically into a slave by the sight of the note, insists on making morning suits, evening suits, overcoats a whole outfit, to be paid for at any time or never. Finally when the stranger has become the fad of the hour under the name of the vest-pocket millionaire, people insist on lending him money to be repaid at any time, and he lives like a lord and wins brother B's twenty thousand pounds for that gentleman "hand running." In the course of his credit career, the hero sells by his simple recommendation the big mine, the shares of which a friend has failed to market, to his utter discomfiture.

A Pleasing Theme.

Rev. Henry Helzinger, Neustadt, Ont.: "It is a pleasure to me to write a few lines about your dyspepsia medicine—K. D. C. and if the English language were as easy to write as the German, I would like to say a great deal more. I used your medicine, and can say it is just what I wanted and needed. My sour stomach and heartburn after eating, and gas that which comes from the stomach is gone, and I am able to take cold water again, before I had to take the water hot on account of stomach trouble. I recommend K. D. C. to our people where I can, and to everyone who knows what a weak stomach is."

He Was Cautious About Gas.

A farmer-looking man arrived at one of the city hotels the other night and inquired of the clerk if gas was used in that establishment. Receiving an affirmative reply, he displayed five small tallow candles and a box of matches. On being asked how he came to be cautious he replied: "Waal, I'm naturally purty cute, and then I belong to a family which has lost five members by blowing out the gas at different taverns. Nothin' dangerous about taller. When she's blowed, she's blowed, and that ends it. Hayseed in my hair, and turnip tops a-stickin' out of my coat-tail pockets, but I doesn't blow out gas on this trip—not if my name is Jones—and I guess she is."

Children Cry For It.

I certify that there is nothing near as good as Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. My children used to cry for it. Our store-keeper keeps it on hand, and it sells like hot cakes.

MRS. PETER MURRAY, Deviz. P. O., Ont.

Pitcher's Castoria.



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